

VOL. XI.—No. 285.

AUGUST 23, 1882.

Price, 10 Cents.



PUBLISHED BY
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1876.

OFFICE No. 21 - 23 WARREN ST.

"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES."



"TAMMANY WILL SEND A FULL DELEGATION TO THE STATE CONVENTION."

—New York Times, August 15th.

PUCK.

OFFICE: NOS. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)

One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers.....	\$5.00
One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers.....	2.50
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(ENGLAND AND ALL COUNTRIES IN THE BERNE POSTAL TREATY.)	
One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers.....	\$6.00
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INCL. POSTAGE.

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

'Tis sweet to lie among the roses
In some delicious cool retreat,
When Dreamland's portal on you closes,
And sheep within the clover bleat.

Oh, yes, it is. And it is nice to have the rose-bugs tumble down on you, and the little black ants get up your cassimere cylinders, and to have the caterpillars crawl over you and the thistle spikes get tangled with your polka-dot socks. And it is simply heaven on earth to fall asleep in the grass and wake up with a stiff neck, and rheumatism meandering all over your anatomy. Then perhaps you don't wish you had staid in the city and taken your little nap on a well-upholstered lounge, with the murmurous hum of the town in your ears and a cool julep within easy reach.

* * *

'Tis sweet to look across the fragrant plaza,
And see the bees among the honeysuckles;
'Tis sweet to linger on the dark piazza,
And wanton with Clarinda's snowy knuckles.

Sweet? Sweet is no name for it. And one of the bees comes right across the fragrant plaza and buzzes around and drives you into an ecstasy of nervousness, and then makes a flank movement and stings you on the back of the neck. Yes, it is sweet to linger on the dark piazza, and you may hold Clarinda's hand, and you and she may get malaria together, too; and the great big bat may come down and get into her hair, and you may have fun trying to get the bat off and leave the hair on; and then Clarinda's mother will come out and talk to you in such a way that you will wish you had staid in the city and done your sparking in a nice cool box up at the Alcazar with music and iced concomitants.

* * *

The clover's blowing white and sweet,
The air with jocund song's replete,
And in the shadow of the oak
The dreamer blows his idle smoke,
While Mabel in the hammock swings
Until the bell for dinner rings.

Yes, that's nice, too. The jocund song is nice. It's the same old organ you used to hear faintly in the city streets, and that is now on its Summer tour, and has the place all to itself, with its three tunes and its monkey and its Caliope-voiced Italian singing in three different keys to each bar. And the dreamer may blow his idle smoke until he feels like a factory chimney; but the mosquitos will hang around just the same. And Mabel will stay in the hammock all the afternoon, and the dreamer won't get a chance at it; and maybe he thinks the shadow of the oak is going to fall in the same place until sunset. Yes, and when the bell for dinner rings, he will go in and attack the dinner, which isn't dinner at all, but an unhal- lowed supper, and then he will wish that he had staid in town and dined on the vegetables of the season.

See the milk so white,
See the Johnny-cake,
And golden butter, and bread as light
As a lily on the lake.

Oh, yes, see it. See it all you can. Put on a pair of telescopes fastened together with ice-tongs and see it. Where is it? It is the vague, opal, amethystine regions of your imagination, my boy. The milk is skimmed, for the cream has to be sent in to the city. The Johnny-cake weighs about ten pounds to the inch, and is rich in deposits of saleratus. And all the gold in the oily margarine came out of Annatto, and the bread is a dull corpse-like color and would do for a sinker to a shark line. And where are the green corn, and the succotash, and the egg-plant, and the peaches, and the raspberries and all the other good things of the earth? They are in New York. And that is why you wish you had staid in the city and gone to the Brunswick or Delmonico's, which would have been cheap alongside of a country boarding-house, although they wouldn't throw in a case of dyspepsia.

* * *

We walk by the dimpled ocean,
Upon the shining strand,
And tell of our deep devotion,
While holding some one's hand.
We go to the brook a-fishing—
Through the air we make them whiz;
And not one of us is wishing
To get back again to biz.

Yes, we walk, and we get our shoes full of sand, and the someone is a cheap sort of an electro-plate girl, who lives over in Hoboken, and whom we wouldn't look at twice in New York. And there's a sort of a breach-of-promise-I-mean-business-young-fellow-see-Pa look about her tender blue eyes all the time, and we don't feel comfortable for a centime. And we go to the brook a-fishing and we make the rod whiz through the air, and the line gets tangled in the branches, and the hook gets tangled in us. And we don't wish to get back to biz, oh, no; but all the same we'd like to know what the cashier is doing, and who is getting hold of our private letters, and when we do get home we wish, oh, we wish that we had staid in the city and got all the comfort and peace and luxury that was to be got out of a hot Summer, and that isn't on tap in the regions of desolation ten minutes' walk from the railway station.

* * *

It has been remarked that there is now no great issue before the country, and there is a great deal of truth in the statement. Yet, if one reads the newspapers they will be found filled with columns upon columns of the opinions of different politicians, and the proceedings of their organizations. What do we want of all these politics? Is the country any better off because a corrupt Congressman or more corrupt Senator expresses his view on this nomination or that appointment? These views mean nothing else but spoils, money, knavery; there is not one grain of patriotism, honesty or common sense in a barrel of them. After the monstrous exhibition of swindling and trickery displayed in the passage of the River and Harbor Bill, it is evident that there is little or no hope for the improvement of the political condition of the country so long as parties are constituted as at present.

* * *

We want a new party. A party that has the interests of the country at heart and the confidence of the people. We have no longer any use for a gang of Republican knaves, thieves and tricksters, any more than we require Democratic tricksters, thieves and knaves. They have shown that they both meet on the one common ground of robbery. If the worst elements of the two parties would combine and form one grand corruption party, Uncle Sam would know precisely how he stood, and would

be able to get rid of the impudent loafers at very short notice. But they will not afford him the opportunity. They have his farm in their hands, and do little more than spend their time in quarreling and stealing. In these two accomplishments they have both proved themselves adepts.

* * *

Who is this frank, sturdy, handsome youth who offers his services to the much-exercised Uncle Sam, who sits on a fence-rail watching the disputes of his worthless help? It is the Independent new party, who, with his Civil Service Reform hoe and other honest equipments, is prepared to carry out the necessary work which Republicans and Democrats have so shamefully neglected in their struggle for plunder. The job will have to be given ultimately to this young man. It is too bad that it should have been for so long a time in the hands of incompetents. Bundle them off at once, Uncle Sam; kick them out, voters, when you get a chance of doing so at the ballot-boxes. Honest Democrats and honest Republicans must combine and manufacture the new party, whose principles must be a reformed tariff, a reformed civil service, no monopoly and honest government.

* * *

Tammany, of course, will send a full delegation to the Convention at Syracuse. Was there ever a Democratic convention of any kind to which Tammany did not send a delegation? True, the Tammany representatives were not always received in a way that consolidated their *amour propre*. In some instances they have been shown the nearest way out, and in one instance we have a vivid recollection of Mr. John Kelly's holding a convention all alone by himself, and nominating himself for governor, and being incontinently invited to stay at home. It was on this particular occasion that Mr. Kelly succeeded in electing a Republican governor, and yet Mr. Kelly prides himself on his democracy, and would probably feel offended if we were to call upon him to prove his political faith. Certainly Mr. Kelly will take his minions to Syracuse, and if by any chance he should be knocked down in the first round, he will come up smiling for the second. Then, should he be thrown out of the window, he will get a ladder and enter the convention again.

* * *

If the delegations of the regular Democracy should then take it into their heads to jump on Mr. Kelly, and he should feel hurt at the slight, the easiest way to repair his shattered feelings and nerves would be for him to hasten to the Republican opposition establishment and offer his services. It will not cost him a pang of regret or sorrow; he has done it before, and will surely do it again. It is unfortunate that the Constitution of the United States will not permit citizens to travel over all the country offering their votes for sale. If it were otherwise, Mr. Kelly might become a millionaire, with his 60,000 Tammany coolies.

PUCK ON WHEELS is now in its third edition, and still it seems to go so swiftly that the late Samuel J. Tilden advised the publishers to change the title to "Puck on Runners" and sell it all Winter. Samuel J. Tilden may know more about running a book than he does about running for the Presidency, but PUCK ON WHEELS doesn't require any advice from a person so fearfully, wonderfully, dismally and beautifully left as the Sage of Grey-stone. PUCK ON WHEELS is full of funny sketches and verse, and is just the thing to read on a steamboat or train or in a hammock. Arabi Bey says so, and he ought to know, for a copy of it is all that cheered him up and made his life endurable during his recent little go-as-you-please running match over at Alexandria. Price, 25 cents; of all newsdealers.

WHERE PROTECTION IS NEEDED.

THE TARIFF COMMISSION.

NEW DUTIES PROPOSED.

EXPERT TESTIMONY.

PUCK'S SPECIAL REPORT.

ALL FOR 10 CENTS.

LONG BRANCH, August, 1882.

The Tariff Commission spread itself on its Oriental divan yesterday, while the blue waters of the Atlantic ever and anon washed asand in each mighty roller seventy-five soaked young women, who could manage for a few seconds to put their feet down, but could not keep them there, and whose cries and chirpings of astonishment supplanted the place of the catbirds and bobolinks that abound in the primeval forest. But then Long Branch is not a primeval forest.

The members of the Commission present were Mr. John Kelly, of Tammany, Mr. Tug Wilson, the new American citizen, Mr. Roscoe Conkling, of Canochet, Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, of Gramercy Park, Mr. ex-Secretary Robeson, of the late navy, Captain Williams, of the Twenty-ninth Precinct, Dr. Mary Walker, of the medical faculty, and Arabi Bey, of Egyptian fame.

The first person who was given a hearing was Miss Anna Dickinson, the great and lovely American actress, as a representative of American dramatic talent and national feminine beauty. She said that a duty should at once be levied on the foreign article, which interfered very much with the home production—indeed, had practically killed it.

MR. ARABI BEY (*through an Arabic interpreter*).—I believe, Miss Dickinson, that you play *Hamlet* sometimes. I am not aware that any foreign actress has ever attempted it in this country, therefore you, personally, cannot suffer from free trade in foreign talent.

MISS DICKINSON.—I only play *Hamlet* on off nights; but it is in other parts that we American artists get defrauded of our just rights.

MR. TILDEN.—What would you recommend?

MISS DICKINSON.—A specific duty of \$25,000 per foreign actress, 75 per cent *ad valorem*, and \$1,000 a pound.

MR. JOHN KELLY.—Arrah, now, a thousand dollars a pound wouldn't be fair, bedad; for that would cause a higher duty to be levied on Mrs. Langtry, who is fat, d'ye mind, while Sarah Bernhardt would scarcely have a cint to pay under this head, begorra.

MISS DICKINSON.—The duty would be equalized by *ad valorem*, as Sarah Bernhardt's invoice price is higher than Mrs. Langtry's. I must also urge the propriety of having a heavy and specific duty on foreign beauty. When they are actresses they ruin the home beauty business. We want protection.

Mr. John L. Sullivan was the next person heard, and appealed for protection against English prize-fighters. He saw now one on this Commission, a late adversary of his.

MR. TUG WILSON.—And hi'm the bloke as you didn't knock hout.

MR. J. L. SULLIVAN.—That's just it. I don't want you fellows to come over here and carry off thousands of dollars without paying your footing. The duty ought to be \$500 a square foot.

MR. TUG WILSON.—Won't somebody 'it 'im in the heye?

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS.—Order must be preserved.

Senator David Davis now appeared and asked

that the duty on elephants be increased so as to make it almost prohibitory. It was monstrous that Congress had not given attention to this matter before. The well-known showman, Mr. P. T. Barnum, had imported an enormous beast free of duty. Unless something was done, what encouragement was there for American elephant cultivation? He believed that he fully represented the elephant interest of the country.

Mr. Joaquin Miller now stepped forward and desired to give his views on the poetry trade. Foreign competition had reduced American poets to pauperism.

MR. CONKLING.—What is your remedy, Mr. Miller?

MR. MILLER.—Several things could be done. I am sure there must be some clause in the Irish Repression Act that covers the case. Mr. Lowell, on proper representations being made to him by this government, could cause all the British poets to be arrested on suspicion of writing verse. If this plan would not work, I should recommend a duty of \$25,000 a line. Is it not unjust to an American that people should have the opportunity of reading Tennyson and Swinburne—and preferring them, too—at the same rates as my poetry is offered?

Miss Julia A. Moore, the Sweet Singer of Michigan, gave similar testimony.

MR. LIVINGSTONE CABBAGE VAN WINKLE VAN DAM POLO SMYTH SMITH.—I represent the Knickerbocker and aristocratic party of New York—I may say of America. The members of our order suffer great inconvenience from the continued influx of English noblemen, who carry off all our rich heiresses, and leave us entirely out in the cold. Now, between ourselves, Knickerbockers and old New York families are much better than English noblemen, and we think a heavy duty should be put upon these audacious fellows. I don't object to their coming over here, because some of them teach us how to behave ourselves in society; but they ought to be prohibited from marrying any American girls who have more than \$200,000 of their own. I think \$50,000 for each nobleman, or sprig of nobility, would afford ample protection to us.

Mr. Paddy O'Rafferty thought that Italian laborers should be taxed \$1,000 a head. Their arrival in large numbers had reduced the wages of native Irish-Americans, and had broken up their business of street cleaning.

Mr. Edison was next heard, and said that, as his electric light was quite too all but completed, he thought that he was entitled to full protection from foreign lights of all kinds. As the sun paid no taxes, he thought that Congress should vote the money to erect a roof or awning over the full area of the United States to keep out sunlight. Then people would be forced to use his American electric light in preference to any other.

The Commission then adjourned.

BUSINESS.

SARATOGA, August 8th, 1882.

Dear Clarinda:

?

TOM.

CAPE MAY, August 9th, 1882.

Dear Tom:

YES.

CLARINDA.

And that's how she came to get a solitaire diamond ring.

HOBOKEN is the Williamsburg of New Jersey; Williamsburg is the Hoboken of Long Island. These are the divine geographical parallels of an insular metropolis. America, I salute you. This is only a thought. All the same, I had rather be to windward of Hunter's Point.

—Victor Hugo.

Puckings.

A MONEY-ORDER—Pay up.

HAMMERED GOLD—The shekels won by Tug Wilson.

FIRST LESSON IN MUSIC—The "rest" is silence.

JOHN SMITH is stopping at Cape May. Smithville, L. I., papers please copy.

WHILE PEOPLE are off in the rural retreats, The gas meter does mathematical feats.

THE CONGRESSMEN are the boys who are worthy of each other's steal. Patent applied for.

THE MAN who wears long hair and a high hat in this kind of weather is the person we want to see sunstruck.

IT IS STATED that John L. Sullivan is going to travel through the country with a "Pinafore" troupe. He will spar for his salary.

A HACKMAN recently went into the surf at Long Branch and encountered a huge shark. Their eyes met for an instant, when the shark blushed and swam out.

PUCK ne'er returns bad manuscript to essayist or pote: He gives them to the office boy, who feeds them to the goat.

"JUST LOOK at that horrible mud out there," she lisped.

"Well, that's the proper place for it, is it not? Where would you have it, on your boots or down your neck?"

Another fellow pays for her caramels now.

OUR E. C., *Um die Welt*, publishes, this week, a picture called "Four Kings," and representing the Emperor Wilhelm holding his great-grandson in his arms, while his son and grandson stand by. It is pleasant to observe the royal flush of pleasure on the old gentleman's cheek.

IT WOULDN'T BE a bad idea for patent medicine men to furnish ladies with white silk dresses with their advertisements on the skirts. At a fashionable ball, obscure pills and tonics could thus be introduced into swell society, and men wouldn't have to forge and do so much crooked business to dress their wives.

"MAY I CARVE our initials on the bark?" he asked, dreamily.

"Certainly," she replied, with a strange, sweet smile: "certainly; I will just call the dog. Here, Spice!"

And then she scribbled her name and address on one of his cuffs, and told him he must write to her every day.

NOW THE BATHER gaily stands
On the shining ocean sands,
In the sun;
And the very dainty clocking
On her blue or scarlet stocking
Yanks the bun.

She imagines it divine
When she floats upon the brine,
Like a rose;
But she's mad that night when feeling
All the cuticle that's peeling
Off her nose.

THE TENNESSEE TWINS.—NEW VERSION.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF MODERN "HEROICS."

I.

As boys they were delicate beauties, of a fragile and spiritual grace,
Demure, precocious and pious, the pets of their parents and place;
The sons of a Tennessee planter, who counted his slaves by the score,
And pampered his children as Southrons were often accustomed of yore.

But the war came then and left him as poor as the much-quoted mouse,
With only some bare fenceless acres surrounding a skeleton house;
And Freddy and Teddy, his darlings, as a matter of course, were denied
The luxuries many and lavish his wealth thitherto had supplied.

Now it happened that in the same region there lived an attractive young maid,
With a pair of bright eyes, a good figure, *et cetera*, all of which weighed
Two hundred—to make it round numbers—just the kind of an angel that wins
The ardent affections of striplings of an age with the Tennessee Twins.

Not twenty, and girlish and slender, were the Twins when they yielded to fate,
In the shape of this charming young damsel, with eyes and a figure and weight.
Together they made their proposals and offered her choice of their hands,
But, seeing no grounds for distinction, she 'd "abide by her father's commands."

And he, being practical-minded and worth a few thousands himself,
Would marry his daughter to no one who had neither prospects nor pelf;
But the day either Twin was the owner of—say twenty thousand—then he
Should wed every ounce of his daughter, he promised, as ditto did she.

And the Twins were grievously troubled, and they wept and disheveled their hair;
After which they took counsel together and agreed they would never despair—
That together they 'd work for the money, and should it be won they 'd decide
(True brothers!) By lot which should take it, and with it the coveted bride!

II.

In the diggings of Western mountains toil wearily day after day
Two lads with shy, sensitive faces, and nothing or little to say.
"The Tennessee Twins!" and the miners speak low as the brothers pass by:
"Too good for this world," and the "Parson" points with his thumb to the sky.

III.

Wall Street! Would look there for pansies? Is it anything else than surprise
That causes the busy stock-brokers, as they meet the twin brothers' blue eyes,
To forget, for the time, "Western Union"? Perhaps, for the Twins, unawares,
Are known to the wild speculators as "The Babes of the Bulls and the Bears."

IV.

On the ships of the ice-barred oceans, on the isles of the Southern seas,
In the traffic of sperm and of spices, of woods and of jewels and teas,
For years did they labor together—and years of incessant bad luck,
Which left them two Mexican dollars, and but little of patience or pluck.

V.

At last, after prayerful reflection, young Freddy, convinced 'twould be right,
In a lottery ticket invested his one silver Mexican mite.
And lo! in due time it was published that the one which to him had been sold
Had drawn in the Grand Distribution a round Twenty Thousand in Gold!

And then in his breast was the battle of self and self-sacrifice fought:
"The money is mine—every dollar—and none can dispute it," he thought:
"Shall I take it and marry the Angel? No! Teddy would think it unjust.
Shall I give it to him with the Angel? It is hard, but—I—think that—I must! ***

"But no! he would never accept it; it is lottery money, and he
On the point has immovable scruples. So what shall I do?—ah, I see!
I must take it and marry the Angel, and make a great self-sacrifice.
'Twould break Teddy's heart to lose her. I love him—to save him, he dies!'"

VI.

Teddy died by the hand of his brother, who then went to call for his gold;
But the lottery people had vanished, and Freddy, the hero, was "sold";
And with money nor wife nor brother, a martyr he lies in jail,
Unknown to the Western writer of "heroic" poem or tale.

Louisville.

HARRISON ROBERTSON.

ONE OF SCHEHERAZADE'S NIGHTS.—THE AVARICIOUS MAN.

One evening the Caliph Haroun Alraschid put on his disguise and made a tour of his capital, as was his wont, to learn how faithfully his police were enforcing his orders for the suppression of gambling saloons, and to ascertain whether any more than fifty new pool rooms had been opened for the demoralization of youth since he made his rounds the previous night. At the corner of Broadway and Fulton Street he was accosted by a blind beggar, who solicited alms. The Caliph tendered him a "punched" silver quarter, which he had been hoarding to help pay the minister's back salary when the collection-plate was shoved under his nose on the following Sunday evening, and attempted to pass on.

"Please, kind sir," said the beggar, after testing the coin with his teeth and grabbing the Caliph by the coat-tails: "please give me a smart kick, also."

"Humph," grunted the Caliph: "another crank," and he essayed to release himself from the grasp of the blind man; but the latter retained his hold, and said he couldn't accept the piece of silver unless it was accompanied with some punishment. There was nothing mean about the Caliph, so he gave the beggar a kick that made his back teeth rattle, and then cut short his profusion of thanks by giving him his card and requesting an interview next morning.

At the appointed time the beggar made his appearance, and the Caliph demanded an explanation of his strange conduct the night before. Thereupon the blind man related his story substantially as follows:

"Commander of the Faithful, I am called Baba Abdallah, probably because that is my name. I was born at Bagdad of parents who never held a political office; hence they were poor and honest. In early youth my parents impressed upon my mind the duty of observing the Ben Franklin motto: 'A penny saved is better than two pence spent for beer,' and I hoarded all my savings until I became as mean

and avaricious as an American millionaire. I wisely refrained from depositing my money in a New York savings bank, or investing it in Louisiana lottery tickets; therefore I soon accumulated a handsome sum, and having an Oscar Wildian eye for the Beautiful and Æsthetic, I purchased four score camels. These animals cost less than one fast horse; and although none of them could trot a mile in less than two-forty, I derived quite a revenue from

them by hiring them to various parties, and I was soon on the narrow-gauge road to affluence.

"One day, as I was returning from Balsora, with my camels unladen, I was joined on the road by a dervish. After making the usual original and startling observations concerning the weather, and briefly discussing the Presidential outlook, the dervish told me that he knew of a bonanza near at hand from which we might haul camel-loads of treasure all day without perceptibly diminishing the size of the pile. I naturally inferred that he had gained possession of the keys of the safes of Vanderbilt and Jay Gould, but he assured me that the wealth did not belong to any man now living. I was so overjoyed at this information that, for the first time in my life, I felt a benevolent, generous spirit steal over me, and I told the dervish that if he would permit me to load my camels with the gold and jewels I would compensate him for his great kindness by giving him one of the animals.

"'You are very liberal, indeed,' said the dervish: 'If your generosity were to strike in it would surely terminate fatally. Arabi Pasha could not make a more reasonable request. Now suppose we split the difference: you give me seventy-nine camels and keep one yourself. Remember, you can pile enough gold on one camel to purchase many more animals of the same kind, and a circus elephant to boot.'

"I saw the force and justice of his remarks, but I was seized with a sort of railroad-monopoly-whole-hog-or-none fever, and, after a fervid discussion, reluctantly consented to give him half of my camels. I never saw a more grasping and unreasonable man than the dervish. His cupidity was sickening.

"We traveled until we reached a mountain, at the foot of which the dervish built a fire and performed some Hellerism. The mountain opened, revealing what I supposed to be Captain Kidd's buried treasures. The dervish's mode of opening mountains struck me as possessing many advantages over the slow

"MAGNA EST VERITAS."



"I should like to have my head examined."
"Did you ever have it examined before?"
"Never."

method of pick, shovel, etc., and I suggested that if he were to go to America as a Russian refugee he might make a fortune in a brief time by building railroad tunnels.

"When we had laden our camels with gold and jewels I saw the dervish go to a vessel and take out a little box which contained pomade vase-line. Having closed the mountain, we resumed our journey and traveled together until we came to cross-roads, where we were to part. To see two score of my camels, laden with treasure, in the possession of another was bitterness of the most poignant kind, and the demon of avarice took hold of my whole being.

"Friend," I said: "the management of forty camels is a greater vexation and responsibility than bossing a political campaign in the state of Pennsylvania. You had better give ten of them to me."

"Thank you for the thoughtful suggestion," remarked the dervish: "Trouble and vexation I would avoid. I pray you, take any ten you please."

"Thirty camels," I again ventured, seeing the dervish was so easily persuaded: "are quite as difficult to manage as forty. A camel's kick is a sight calculated to paralyze even the gods, and if you wish to preserve your temper and keep a grip on your religion, you will be content with twenty of the animals."

"You are too kind," said the dervish: "and I appreciate your motives. Take ten more camels."

"And, my Christian brother," I continued, feeling that I would soon be a bigger man than old Rothschild: "before you have traveled a league you will wish you had given me ten more camels. I can manage seventy as readily as forty, while you will find ten a delusion and a snare."

"What disinterested kindness," said the dervish: "How can I ever repay you? Take ten more camels."

"I then clasped the hand of the dervish, and besought him to put aside temptation. I assured him that the road to Balsora was infested with members of the Jesse James gang, and that old man Bender was lying in wait on the highway seeking whom he might shoot in the back.

"Give me your remaining ten camels," I pleaded: "and thus frustrate the malicious designs of these outlaws."

"Take them," said the pious man: "And now," he added, looking at me with a strange glare in his eyes: "is there anything else I can give you to show my gratitude? Shall I have the mountain containing the treasure hauled up to your residence in Bagdad and dumped into your back yard?"

"N-no," I hesitated, detecting a slight tinge of sarcasm in his voice: "I am not a member of the porcine family. I know when I've got enough."

"Then remembering the box of pomatum, and believing that it was more precious than gold and diamonds, I said:

POLITICAL PARTIALITY.



THE MAN WHO BLOWS HOT AND COLD IN THE SAME BREATH.

my undershirt or this faded photograph of my grandmother as a further mark of my esteem."

"No," I responded: "I don't wish to loot you; but I would be pleased to have you explain the virtues of this pomatum."

"Well," complied the dervish: "it will not only make a heavy moustache grow on the upper lip in ten minutes after the first application, but if you will apply a little to your right eye you will see about twenty-five years into futurity, and can win thousands of dollars and many scores of silk hats by betting on the successful Presidential candidates; but if you put it on your left eye you will immediately become blind."

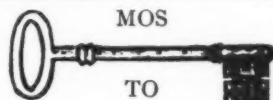
"Anointing my right eye, I discovered that the dervish spoke the truth, and believing that an application of the same to the left would disclose more hidden treasures than eight camels could carry away in six weeks, I begged that the experiment be tried. The dervish strenuously expostulated, while I as forcibly insisted, and the application was made. I instantly became blind, and my lamentations were long and loud. I begged the dervish to restore my sight, knowing that he was gifted with the power; but he simply remarked:

"Well, I should smile. You are altogether too fresh, and I advise you to diet yourself on salt mackerel the remainder of your life. Ta, ta."

"And he drove away my eighty camels laden with treasure, leaving me howling by the roadside. I was now compelled to solicit alms, and I made a solemn vow to never receive a piece of money unless the donor bestowed a kick upon me at the same time, as a penance of my great folly."

When the blind man had finished his story, the Caliph gave him a nickel and accompanied it with a kick that sent him half way across the court-yard. Then he dismissed him with the injunction to seek the services of a fool-killer forthwith. J. H. W.

A JERSEY JINGLE.



MOS

TO

Miss Polly Wogg wasp hornets true
Full forty years ago;
And Mr. Toed, a miller who
Played cricket, was her beau.

One day he spider sitting nigh;
Her heart it beetle lot;
She tried to flea, but—didn't fly,
As he ap-roach-ed the spot.

"Thou locust sweet in thy new hat,"
Smiled Mr. Toed: "and may
An old chap hopper question that
Must have an ant-ser: 'Yea'?"

This bug-bear question made her red.
"Ask moth-er," sighed she low,
Forgetting that her ma was dead
Bee-fore she had a beau.

"Then I mosquito kiss!" he cried,
But Poll her face she hid.
Tick kiss her at the gate he tried,
And—at the katydid.

"'Twas gnat-y, but 'twas nice, dear
hub,"
She tells him, and a sigh
He often gives because the "grub"
Makes so much butterfly.

Patented, H. C. D.
was born, it's true

miller
cricket

spied her
beat a lot
flee—fly
approached

lookest
pop a
answer

bug
mother
before

mus' get a
To kiss
gate he did

naughty

grub
butter fly
H. C. DODGE.

VARIATIONS.

MONTPELIER, Vt., Aug. 9th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

For a long time you had it.

"Rejected articles Puck ne'er returns:

In Spring he tears them and in Winter burns."

Then you whooped it up:

"PUCK ne'er returns rejected articles;

But grinds them to a thousand particles."

Now, why not vary the business by sticking in something like this?

Rejected articles PUCK returns never,
But sends them where the woodbine twines forever.

Or this:

A rejected article is ne'er returned by PUCK,
Who treats it as he would an empty peanut shuck.

Or:

(But he hires it toted morgueward on a truck.)

Or this:

PUCK ne'er returns the articles rejected,

And that's what makes their authors so dejected.

Further variations in this business I will furnish for three dollars per dozen.

Yours very muchly, WM. A. CHAPIN.

THE LONG BRANCH MAIL WAGON.

The United States employs a man, a horse and a wagon to deliver letters and papers to the people who reside at Long Branch. This saves the people a great deal of trouble and shoe leather, but excites the anguish of the young man who likes to walk to the post office with the belle with whom he happens to be on confectionery terms, and affords him good mental exercise in thinking up a new excuse for the indulgence of their little peripatetic pleasantries.

When this solemn vehicle pauses before the door of any of the many cottages at Long Branch, all the men throw their hats in the air, shout with glee, and rush frantically across the lawn, almost lift the man out of the wagon, and frighten the horse half out of his harness.

The women never watch for the mail, and don't care if it never arrives. When it *does* arrive, they simply go on with their croquet, gossip and other duties, and pay no attention to it at all.

The other day, when the wagon came rolling dustily in, all the men stopped playing lawn tennis, and expressed themselves separately.

The stout man said:

"There's the money-order I have been waiting for. This afternoon I'll take Lou down to the races, and we'll go upon the grand stand and have a good time."

Then the young man in a straw Derby and checked trousers—the young man who had had smallpox so severely that his face looked like a map of the moon, and probably justified the remark of a sporting humorist that he might be successfully pitted against anything extant—remarked to himself:

"Oh, I know I shall get a letter from my dear little Alice—a nice little perfumed note with a spray of pansies at the top. Oh, Alice is such a dear little girl not to forget her—"

But he was disturbed by a man who shouted:

"Now I'll just bet a farm that's a letter from my partner, saying the government has given us the contract to furnish that coffee, and we shall soon be millions ahead. Soldiers are no judges of coffee, and we can work in a lot of marrowfat peas that are too old to sprout, and—"

"That's a letter from my wife," screamed a man with a silver watch on a gold chain: "I know she is going to say the mountain air up there is doing her good, and she will stay a month longer. And she will hope I am not lonely, but am enjoying myself, and then ask me to go and get a lot of samples matched, and send on twenty-five dollars extra. Oh, yes, I am enjoying myself, old lady, and I trust the mountain air is doing you so much good that you will remain away a month longer, upon my word I do."

And then the official dealt the letters.

The stout person, who expected to take Lou to the races on the strength of his money-order, got a copy of a religious weekly, in an obscure corner of which a poem, setting forth in vivid colors all the horrors of intemperance, was marked for his especial perusal. The only races the stout individual attended that day were the races he made to secure the seat at the table located directly behind the chicken fricassée.

Did the Young Man in the Straw Derby and Checked Trousers get a Letter from his Dear Little Alice, with a Spray of Pansies at the Top?

He did not; but he Received a Letter from his Employers, saying he Must come RIGHT BACK and set Type, or his Case would be Gone. So the Young Man in the Straw Derby and Checked Trousers went RIGHT BACK, because he didn't want to be a Gone Case. Oh, no, the Young Man was not Mad!

And the person who fondly dreamed he was shortly to be millions of dollars ahead by furnishing the army with peas for coffee didn't

get anything at all—not even a postal card, and he danced over the croquet lawn so hard that he kicked a couple of wickets up around his neck, and didn't stop until he stepped on a ball and was swiftly and successfully wedded to the sward. Jumping quickly to his feet he went and confessed having committed a certain murder, and was duly tried, convicted and hung.

Then came the man who expected a letter from his wife. He got it—got it so hard that, after he had paid the six cents due on it, he ran up and down the yard, and kicked dust in his face, and ripped one sleeve out of his coat making gestures, and stumbled over the dog, and knocked three pickets out of the fence with his face, and discharged the coachman for asking him what was the matter. That man had just got a letter from his wife, that's what ailed him. The baby had been taken sick, and she would be home that very night—in just eight hours. He immediately sent a postal card to each of the boys saying he had been obliged to postpone the party set down for that night, owing to an important business engagement. And then he rushed into the house, and hid the dominos and checkers away, and secreted all the jelly cake and about a dozen bottles of sasaparilla in the cellar. Then he went out with a club and gave a dog recital in consideration of his canine having summarily upset and emptied him into the pickets, after which he started for the drug store to have his face repaired.

And as the excitement settled down, and the mail wagon moved up the road, all the ladies were as happy as they could be, sitting beneath the shade-trees in easy-chairs, or swinging in hammocks reading the letters they never once expected.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXXXVIII.
NEWS FROM EGYPT.



Ya-as, while we-clining lazily in my hammock on the verandah of my Newport villa, weading the *Saturday Review* and smoking a wegalia cigar, the lettah-carwi-ah arwived, and Luigi handed me a lettah ffrom Jack Carnegie, wit-

ten ffrom Alexandwia, informing me of his safe arwival and of the pwoospects of the campaign. Although I had half pwoomised either to wide aftah the puppy dogs to hunt a wetchd fox or to dwive Mrs. Fitznoodle out to see a polo match, I wresolved, aftah considerwation, to devote myself instead to perwusing the contents of Jack's missive.

I am glad I did, and I wejoice that he wote to me, because I have been worwied beyond all endurwance by Amerwicans requesting me to give them a historwy of the orwigin of the stwuggle in Egypt and its political bearing on the neighborwng twibes and the nations of Eurwope. Jack, therewaw, will save me a gweat deal of twouble. He wites that Garnet Wolseley, the commandah-in-chief, Connaught—the Duke, you know—and Admirwal Seymour have been wepeatedly closeted with him, to obtain his views on the best mode of aw pwoceeding against Arwabi and the Egyptian webel twoops. But Jack was verwy weticent, and said that he pweferwed to expwess his opinion fweely when Sir Herbert Macpherson, who commands the Indian twoops, arwives, as Jack is to be his aw aide-de-camp.

There are now at the seat of war a fai-ah quantity of twoops, and befaw verwy long we shall he-ah that the Bwewish generwal has thrwashed Arwabi, has taken possession of Egypt and is wetaining it until aw Queen Victorwi-ah and Gladstone have concluded what to do with the countwy. "It is a pity," Jack says: "that we have to engage in warlike operations with such an inferwi-ah foe; but these cweachahs have to be wead a seve-ah lesson sometimes; that is the only means of keeping them in ordah."

The othah Eurwopean nations appe-ah to be afwaid of joining in the combat, as they think they wun the wisk of having their terwitorwy invaded while some of their twoops and best generwals are away. Jack is verwy much surprised at the behavior of Fwance, Wussia and Austwia in the mattah.

As faw Turkey, she is, perwhaps, a necessarwy nuisance; but what she does or thinks is a mattah of supreme indifferwence to Gweat Bwitain. For my part, I should wejoice to see the Turks dwiven out of Eurwope. These scwubby Orwientals, with their ignorwance and horwible weligion, have no wight among pwactical and sensible people, and I think there has been enough of their pwetence of aw wuling Egypt through the Khedive.

Jack's postscwipt is dated ffrom Wamleh, where he is at pwesent encamped with the bwigade of guards. A large majorwity are verwy particulah fwiends of his, and they are nevah tirwed of hearwng of his adwenchahs in Amerwica aw.

P. S.—I should be horwibly happy to say maw; but I wemark with grief that Mrs. Fitznoodle is on the verwandah, offerwng nutwition to the youngstah—the aw boy, you know, in the fawm of huckleberwies, which I stwongly object to, as a beastly low and unsanitarwy Amerwican fwuit aw.

ASSORTED ADVERTISEMENTS.

I.



WANTED—A Girl on Shirt Bosoms.

II.



WANTED—Experienced Hands on Boys' Pants.

A SYMPOSIUM OF MURDEROUS RIVALS.

THE GREEN PEACH.

When languorous Summer is upon the land,
I ornament the corner stand;
A thing of beauty, yet a brief-lived joy,
I gather in the little boy.

THE KEROSENE CAN.

When the wind whistles and the snow drifts higher,
The maiden lifteth me to light the figher,
Oh, never more will Connemara see
That fair young exile skipping gay and free
Among the pigs about the cabin yard;
She 's all on hand; but rather tired and charred.

THE DYNAMITE CARTRIDGE.

Innocent mortals like to fool with me,
To hammer me upon the head,
The coroner's jury will no doubt agree
I make those mortals very dead;
But then they hate to fool around,
Over a mile or two of ground,
And have to sit upon a single shred.

THE CUCUMBER.

I am the festive cucumber,
My victims by thousands I number,
In the still night-time
The stairs they climb,
In garments of rosewood lumber.

THE TOY PISTOL.

O you poor rivals,
Tuppenny rivals,
Six for a centlet,
Hear my old war-whoop:
I can discount you,
Every occasion.
Lo, when I tackle
Small boys superfluous,
I am a terror,
Terror from Wayback,
W. County.
For I can check their
Native garrulity,
Giving them lockjaw:
Prithree friend, make no
Error about it.

THE DEADLY TOY PISTOL.



SMALL BOY:—"Say, Mister, I'm goin' out on der plains next week, an' I want four toy pistols, young feller!"

THE HOLE IN THE ICE.

Oh, come and tumble through me,
Small boy with eyes of blue,
My depths are dark and gloomy,
But cool enough for you.
Yes, I will keep you nice and cool,
Then you won't have to go to school.

THE BLOWN-OUT GAS.

Oh, sweet to me when Corydon takes Chloe
Daown ter the City fer ter see the sights,
Her bunnit might be called a trifle showy—
His cotton gloves are neither lefts nor rights,
O' nights
He blows me out, and I, most unpretentious
Asphyx them into the Sweet Subsequentious.

THE ORANGE PEEL.

Oh, gratify your lip on me,
And drop me straight,
And somebody will slip on me,
As sure as fate,
And take a little trip on me
To the Golden Gate.

THE MULE.

They have twisted my tender and touching tale,
And I really know not why;
But somehow or other, each took a sail
To the Saccharine By-and-By.

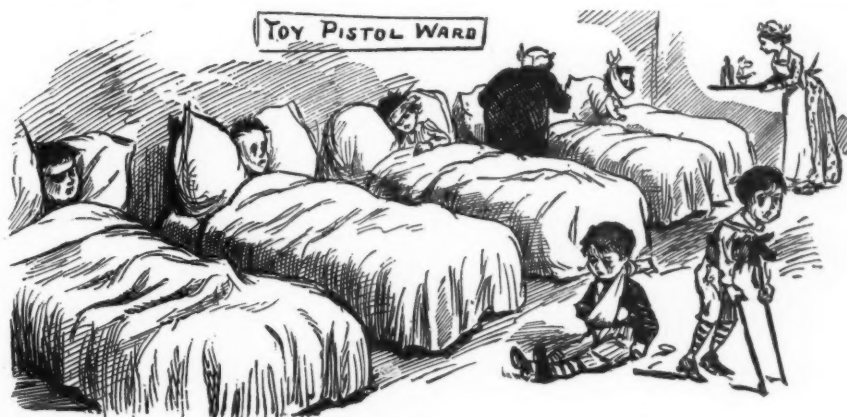
THE TOY PISTOL.

Let us decide this
Right now or never!
I will appoint my
Umpire to judge it.
Death, my old partner,
Kindly inform us
If of these rivals,
Variously harmful,
I am not surely
Past peradventure
Leader and chieftain—
Deadliest and direst?

DEATH.

Past peradventure,
Thine is the biscuit.

V. HUGO DUSENBURY, P. P.



A NEEDED ADDITION TO OUR HOSPITALS.



HANDY NEIGHBORS.

"Where's my commission for this week, Mr. Chizzle? I've turned you in at least six dozen infant jobs."
"Well—fact is, I ain't givin' commissions on less 'n a hundred."

Bring along the airy pistol,
Give it to the happy urchin,
Who would rake the brindled Tom cat
Or the pensive, jumping billy;
For the boy doth like the pistol,
And if it should take his head off
'Twill be rougher on the small boy
Than upon the undertaker.

He stood on the sidewalk,
His smile it was bland,
A little toy pistol
He took in his hand;
And then came a war-whoop
And up flew the sand—
It was the toy pistol
That captured his hand.



THE PROPER WAY TO TREAT HIM.

JUSTICE:—"You shall fire off your entire stock of toy pistols yourself."
DEALER:—"Mercy! mercy!"

Sing a song of pistols,
A pocket full of lead,
Four-and-twenty small boys
Knocked on the head;
When the kids were buried
It made the parents cry:
"Isn't that a jolly way
To lie down and die?"

See the little pistol
In the little shop,
See the urchin buy one
With a joyous hop;
See him gaily load it
With a deal of care,
Then see his little head
Scooting through the air.



UNCLE SAM'S IGI
NEW AND INDEPENDENT PARTY:—Look here, Uncle Sam, isn't it about you



M'S IGLECTED FARM.

Isn't it about you got rid of those two quarrelsome fellows, and gave the job to ME?

IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLAT "ERY.

A KISS.

'Twas kind, 'twas calm, 'twas sweet,
And tremulous with glad emotion,
Filling the soul, complete,
As moonlight floods the trembling ocean.

Brooklyn, N. Y. C. CORDNER, in *The Independent*.

A BOOT.

'Twas long, 'twas broad, 'twas large,
And vigorous with earnest thereness,
It slumped against me like a barge
In all its number 14 squareness.

Hoboken, N. J. V. HUGO DUSENBURY, P. P.

A GOAT.

'Twas large, 'twas calm, 'twas still,
A Summer plug hat coyly eating,
But soon 'twill have its fill
Of old hoop-skirts, tin cans and sheeting.

Yorkville, N. Y. A. MURPHY.

A DOLLAR.

'Twas soft, 'twas smooth, 'twas light;
I got it when I took a brandy;
Had it been good I might
Have bought my girl a box of candy.

Hunter's Point, L. I. B. BALERIGGAN.

PUCK'S RULES.

The Massachusetts Society for the P. of C. to Animals has been issuing some rules designed to aid the humane resident of Boston and vicinity in the pleasing task of killing animals. Why the people in that region want to go into the wholesale slaughtering business we don't know; but if it is a part of their system of culture, and if they practise on their own live-stock only, we suppose it is all right, and it affords us great pleasure to amplify and explain for their benefit the very inadequate, six-by-nine provincial set of rules which the Society has put forth.

Here is the first direction given by the humanitarian Hubbites:

"Blindfold, and with a heavy ax or hammer strike just below the foretop. One vigorous blow will fell the horse; two will make death sure."

That's right. That's very good. We have seen it tried. It was a splendid scheme as far as it went; but the man who attempted to put it into execution has not yet made up his mind whether it didn't go far enough or whether it went too far.

In the first place, the man went up to the horse, who was wanted for meat on a contract to supply the food of the Yale students' boarding-houses—and he was an indisposed sort of horse anyway—the man went up to him and tried to tie a handkerchief over his eyes. But he was balked in his benevolent intention by the fact that the back of a horse's head is away down on his neck, and never was laid out with any idea of the horse's having to play blind-man's buff.

Then the man went into the house and got an old felt hat, and pulled it down over the horse's eyes. But that made the stable-boy laugh so heartlessly that it had to be taken off. The owner of the horse said he meant to have some solemnity about that death, if he had to appoint the stable-boy to a responsible post just abaft of the hind legs.

Finally he got a porous plaster, and slapped it over the horse's eyes. But then he went around hunting for a club, and the horse saw him through the perforations in the plaster, and walked on him in a moment of unbecomingness and kicked him through the gates of pearl.

Here is another good plan suggested by the Society:

"Place the muzzle of the rifle or pistol within a few inches of the head and shoot him in the same spot. A charge of buckshot fired from a shotgun will be equally effectual. *Be careful not to strike or shoot too low.*"

This is a good thing to know. If you have just been passing through a field in the country and have come over the fence with such agile grace as to dig up your head with the ground, and a large gentleman-cow is garrisheeing your umbrella and your hat, away back in the middle of the meadow—that's the time when you want to remember this rule, and go back to the house with a holy yearn for revenge permeating your chest regions, and get a gun and place the muzzle within a few inches of the bull's head and shoot him once in the same spot. Don't shoot too low. You might scratch up the grass and spoil the mushrooms.

Here are the Society's points on the dog question:

"For a small dog or cat a quarter of a teaspoonful of pure cyanide of potassium, placed on the tongue (they will not take it in food,) as near the throat as possible, is sufficient; or they may be chloroformed by saturating a sponge or folded flannel with the liquid (an ounce is sufficient) and placing it with the animal in an ordinary wash boiler or other air-tight vessel.

"For a large dog use half a teaspoonful of pure cyanide of potassium, placed on the tongue, as near the throat as possible."

There is something omitted here. After you have put your dog in the wash-boiler—especially if it happens to be on a Monday morning—it is advisable to get over the back fence and dig out for a temporary hermitage until the women of the house have got over finding the priceless gem with which you have decorated their tin.

And as to the large dogs, the rule is all wrong. The best, simplest and most humane scheme is to take the dog—if hydrophobic—on your lap, thrust your right arm down his throat, gently remove his intestinal system, and place it in a bowl of water to see if it floats. If it does float, the dog has the hydrophobia. If it sinks, he is mad. This method amuses the dog, and gives him something to chew on.

Otherwise, the rules are of a custom-made correctness.

AMUSEMENTS.

"Youth" was played at NIBLO'S GARDEN last Monday, the season there having begun.

This will be the fourth or fifth season of the Chanfrau Company, with Mr. J. H. Alliger as one of its most efficient members.

"The Rivals" will be a prominent feature of the Jefferson season. The company includes Messrs. Sam Hemple, H. F. Taylor and Miss Lillie Lee.

"Ranch 10" is the southwestful and suggestive title of a play now running at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, with Mr. Harry Meredith as the *Twin Brothers*.

Crowds flock to WALLACK'S, to see and hear the miniature "Patience" and the little mundane male and female cherubs. So far it is the most interesting of all the shows.

"The Snake Charmer" is at the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE, with Selina Dolaro as *Princess Mignapour*. Miss Lily Post, Miss Emma Guthrie, Messrs. James S. Greensfelder and George Gaston are also on hand.

The last two years, or months, of "Esmeralda," at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, are announced in a ukase issued by the management; but we'll believe it when we see it. An epilogue to the manifesto in question says that a new play will be presented October 9th.

There is not much connection between the gorgeous ALHAMBRA PALACE, London, and the staid and demure HUE of Boston; but there will be one on September 4th, when Mlle. de Gillert, a Kiralfy première, makes her first curtsy in America. It is a long lane that has no turning.

The echos of "gobble-gobble," from the "Mascotte," now resound throughout the METROPOLITAN ALCAZAR, and a beautiful *Bettina*, a lovely chorus, and a graceful and comely ballet contribute their efforts to make of it a success. All strangers coming to New York visit the Alcazar, because they are sure to meet there the best and most representative class of fashionable and amusement-loving New Yorkers.

"The Passing Regiment," at DALY'S, is well patronized by the populace, and especially by the members of those regiments who didn't run away with young women from Peekskill. Miss Ada Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, Miss May Fielding, Miss Helene Stoepel, H. M. Pitt, James Lewis, John Drew, W. J. Lemoyne, Charles Leclercq, and George Parkes all fill their ancient parts with the perfection of finish and roundness.

Signor Salvini will shortly leave his home in Florence for a few weeks' sojourn in Paris and London prior to his embarkation for the United States, which will occur on October 14th. He will begin his American tour, at BOOTH'S THEATRE, the last week in October. All the arrangements for his itinerary are completed, and the company for the support of the distinguished actor is engaged. An accident which caused some alarm occurred to Signor Salvini recently, but happily no very serious results ensued. Whilst descending the steps of his villa in Florence, he slipped up and hit the top of his head against the sky. A severe shock to the system resulted, and he was confined to his room for some days. By last advices he was in a fair way toward recovery.

LITERARY NOTE.

The *Sunday Courier*, perhaps the oldest and most trustworthy dramatic paper in the country, has donned a new and seasonable polonaise, and has increased its size to eight pages and raised its price to five cents. While giving liberal space to dramatic matters, it has also well edited athletic, social, military and masonic departments, containing news that is alike interesting to the man of business, the man of leisure and the professional. There is some room for improvement in the execution of its portraits.

A REVIEW.

The *Popular Science Monthly* comes booming merrily along, and we are very happy to get hold of it, because it is just the kind of thing to read in a hammock during these drowsy poodle days. It reached us nearly a week ago, but this is the first opportunity we have had to look between the covers, as the foreman of the composing room had it to read during his dinner hours, while the man that sweeps the office and feeds the cat took it home every night to peruse in the bosom of his family. Then a policeman came in and borrowed it several times, and some gas fitters employed in the place scanned its contents hastily, and charged us two dollars per hour for their time, which one of the Von Humboldt editors of *Um die Welt* said was cheap.

The referee calls time, and C. M. Lungren goes to the bat and makes a three-base hit. His subject, "Electric and Gas Illumination" is a clever article, which doesn't display the crude affectation of the amateur. He tells us how the electric light is used at the sea-side, and how the gas meter registers more when you are in the country than when you are at home.

Then comes old Felix L. Oswald, M. D., in a bicycle suit and a white plug hat, to tell us what he knows about "Longevity." He knows lots about it, but he doesn't tell us how the Spring chicken comes to get such a grip on the antique before being served up for a dollar.

"Animal Self-Defense," by H. L. Fairchild, explains why the bull-dog always tries to get a throat-grip on his adversary, and gives some simple and sensible rules for training fighting dogs.

"Brazilian Diamonds and Their Origin" is by M. H. Gorceix, but there is nothing said in regard to their relationship to hotel clerks and variety actors.

"The Functions of an American Manual Training School" is a timely paper by Prof. C. M. Woodward, Ph. D., X. Y. Z., Jr., Esq., D. D.

"A Note on Thought Reading" is by Horatio Donkin, who slings himself beautifully and well.

"The Physician of the Future," by Geo. H. Perkins, is very able. George tells us how limbs may be amputated ten years hence by hypodermic injections of homoeopathic pills.

"Trials by Fire, and Fire Jugglers," by M.-A. De Rochas, will be read with interest and pleasure by all lovers of dime-museum entertainments.

"Electromania," by W. Matthieu Williams, tells you how to set hens.

"Anthropoid Mythology," by Dr. B. Placzek, sounds a little like PUCK ON WHEELS in some paragraphs, and that's why it is so thoroughly enjoyable.

"Litré, Dumas, Pasteur (not Tony) and Taine," is a good article, and will be eagerly devoured by all fifty-cent table-d'hôte people.

"The Chinese, their Manners and Customs," tells why the Chinese prefer poodle to skye, and why they would rather wash clothes than be bank presidents.

Then comes a "Sketch of Thomas Say," by J. S. Kingsley. Mr. Kingsley is not much of an artist, or Thomas's side-whiskers would not appear to be growing from behind his ears. Thomas wears an old-fashioned coat, with the collar whacking up against his hat, and a handkerchief for a necktie. He looks like a sort of prayer-meeting version of Robert Burns. What Thomas Say ought to do is to go and have his hair cut, and put on a suit of checked clothes, or else keep his face out of the magazines. And Mr. J. S. Kingsley ought to go out to Keokuk and study art for about twenty or thirty years.

Then we have "Entertaining Varieties," and the "Editor's Table," covered with an immense free lunch. The other departments are up to the usual standard, which is as high as the prices of a hackman.

Answers for the Anxious.

OGRE.—Thanks.

WARD.—We will see.

L. J. B.—Not this century—some other century.

HASELTINE.—She will wait till the clouds roll by.

TORONTO STRANGER.—Is it old to us? Is it old? Is the pun on Arabi Bey old? Young man, if you were one eighteen-millionth part as old as that joke, you would know better than to send it to us.

L. M. N.—Yes, we have read your beautiful poem "Tired." It was tired—very tired. It was weary of all this earth's trouble and turmoil, and we laid it to rest on a papery couch away down in the bottom of the wastebasket.

PALINDROMIO.—No, sir, we don't want to make a contract with you to supply us with Puckerings on a steady salary. We fear that you might fall below your standard, and if you did, we should have to go after you with a hatchet and kill you. But we'll tell you what we will do. We will give you twenty-five cents to make one try to see if you can fall below that standard of years. And we will bet twenty-five dollars that you can't.

TRUE LOVE'S COURSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.—BY ARTHUR LOT.

CANTO SIXTH.

THE BOUNCE.¹

Argument.—A shrewd man is well aware, when he loves a maiden fair and informs her of his love, calls her duck and turtle dove, clasps his arm around her waist, and her coral lips does taste, that he should, without delay, to her pa a visit pay, and ask him, quite meek and bland, for his charming daughter's hand.²

Well, Guy Earls court knew that rule, for that drummer was no fool, and he knew what he must do, just as if his blood was blue.³ Unto Lida's pa he went on a ticklish errand bent, for he knew her pa might choose to express some silly views of a chap who'd try to mash a fair maid with lots of cash, but Guy Earls court well had learned, if for anything he yearned, it would be absurd to let an insulting word drive him from a task begun, when the prize was all but won.⁴

So he went, with smiling face, to her papa's business place, and, without a bit of fear, poured his tale in old Smythe's ear.⁵ Lida's father, grim and stern, asked this drummer, in his turn, all about his birth and gold;⁶ and when Guy had glibly told that he owned naught of great worth and quite humble was his birth, Lida's pa—but, if you'd know what he did, then read below:

Guy Earls court was a drummer,
And wisdom, harshly got,
Told him the proper time to strike
Was while the steel was hot,⁷
Told him that, if a drummer
Would catch the early worm,
He must be skirmishing around,
When, from the dew-bemoistened
ground
The worm begins to squirm.⁸
And he knew well a maiden
Is sometimes much inclined,
If she sees better chances,
To altering her mind;⁹

¹ It is not very easy to define this word, but any man who has had the owner of a place seize him by the nape of the neck and the slack of the unmentionables, and hurry him out of the door, can tell you what the word means.—Author.

² On the excursion boats they would say: "Walk up to the captain's office and get a ticket," and you would be compelled to blandly ask for a permit.—Editor.

³ Pooh! They all do it. And, when you get down to that sort of business, the blue-blooded people do not do it in a manner different from that adopted by common people. The language used may be different, but the meaning is always the same. The swell says: "Sir, I love your daughter. Will you permit me to marry her?" While the Bovey boy remarks: "I say, old man, your gal and me is sweet on each other. We're going to jine, and, if you've any objection, spit it out."—Editor.

⁴ Those are the fellows who succeed in this world. After all, the rule that it is best if a man blacks your eye to ask him to blue the other, is the most polite one. It's by grinning and bearing slights and insults that men get on in this world.—Editor.

⁵ That always was our weak point. Occasionally we succeeded with the girl, but, when it came to interviewing the old man, our courage always disappeared, and we retired from the field conscious that our poverty would save us from a breach-of-promise action.—Editor.

⁶ Those are the knotty conundrums which puzzle a poor man, whose family tree is short of branches.—Editor.

⁷ We think that it is iron in the original, but our book of familiar quotations has been loaned to our landlady's daughter, who is looking up something nice for an album.—Editor.

⁸ Somehow that way of putting the old proverb strikes our fancy.—Editor.

⁹ Well, we should smile! We supposed that every person knew that changing her mind was woman's special privilege. If we were a female we rather reckon that we'd change our mind if a fellow who was wealthier than our regular young man wanted to marry us. After all, love in a brown-stone front can discount love in a cottage.—Editor.

A FROG IN THE WAY.

[Dedicated to the London Punch.]



THE GREAT FRENCH LESSEPS AND THE LITTLE ENGLISH LION.

And though he thought that Lida
Enshrined him in her heart,
He felt that firmly clinching her
Would be the prudent part.¹⁰

So, ere he slept that evening,
By all the gods he swore
He'd see her pa next morning
Quite early at his store;
And, ere he fell to snoring,¹¹
His course he boldly planned,
And how he'd ask her father
To give him Lida's hand.

Next morning, at eight thirty,
Straight from his couch Guy rose,¹²
And took from out his closet
His newest suit of clothes;
For he knew well, that drummer,
No matter what folks say,
That brains go often to the wall
And fine clothes win the day.¹³

Then, robed in gorgeous raiment,
Which raiment was, it's true,

¹⁰ How runs the rhyme? We think it ambles thus:

"Ah, win the maiden when you may,
Lest, if you wait, she may say nay."—Editor.

¹¹ If Lida had known that he possessed that accomplishment, we are inclined to think that she would have refused him. Once we did love sincerely. She was beautiful, lovely, charming! Her eyes were as blue as indigo, her hair of the hue of the Eastern sky at morn, her features as perfect as the figures in a kaleidoscope. Ah, how we did love her! Alas, we took her to a picnic! In the afternoon, under the shade of a lofty elm as we read to her from "The Princess," our darling dropped asleep. We gazed lovingly upon her delicately-veined eyelids and her rosy lips, when, suddenly, there fell upon our ears the horrible sound some sleepers emit. She snored! That night we burned the bit of ribbon she had given to us, and once more we swore never to marry.—Editor.

¹² It strikes us that a drummer should get up at an earlier hour than half past eight. We know that before our financial embarrassment, which drove us to our present occupation, we frequently fired ten or twelve drummers out of our store before breakfast, and we always eat our matutinal meal at a quarter after seven.—Editor.

¹³ The more we read about this drummer the cleverer we think he is. People brag about Carlyle, but here a simple drummer man, out of his own experience, evolves the same rule that Carlyle dug out of his inner consciousness. People have imagined that we wear our Sunday clothes on week days, because, whenever our clothes are on our back, our trunk has a complete holiday; but they are mistaken. We, like this drummer, have noticed that good clothes always make a better impression than good brains.—Editor.

A trifle large in pattern
And somewhat loud in hue,¹⁴
And, with a lovely neck-scarf,¹⁵
That would charm any eye,
Which rivaled in its color
A clear Italian sky.

And with his hair well parted,
And moustache pointed neat,
And bouquet in his button-hole,
And Oxfords on his feet¹⁶
He went, with naught of trembling,
Fair Lida's pa to seek,
For he was quite accustomed
To travel on his cheek.¹⁷

Then, smoking his Havana
And swinging a light cane,
Guy sauntered to Smythe's office,¹⁸
Broadway, near Maiden Lane,
And, entering quite coolly,
Without a shade of fear,
He asked if Smythe would lend him
For a brief space his ear.¹⁹

¹⁴ It must be admitted that drummers do hanker after large patterns and loud colors, but then, you know, taste is like religion: good taste is your taste, bad taste is everyone else's taste.—Editor.

¹⁵ You can almost invariably tell a drummer by his neckties. He dotes upon neckties, and, if he should own only one pair of stockings, he will have a variety of neckwear. A sheriff once levied on the goods of a drummer; he found one suit of clothes, occupied by the drummer, and a barrel full of neckties.—Editor.

¹⁶ His head was level. Put your best foot foremost is an admirable rule. If we were going to be hung we believe we should dress ourselves up in our best style for the halter, and we know we should for the altar.—Editor.

¹⁷ He'd be an odd drummer if he were not so accustomed. From our experience we should say that an ordinary drummer's cheek extends down to his feet in front and up over his head and down to his feet behind, and is turned under at his heels and toes.—Editor.

¹⁸ There's a little too much of—you know—well *insouciance* about that fellow. Haven't you seen drummers that you wanted to kick out of your establishment before they opened their mouths? Why, we have seen them saunter into our place of business so coolly and complacently that we have been compelled to go out and look at our sign in order to be sure that they did not own the place.—Editor.

¹⁹ We do not think that expression has yet become an idiom; we believe it is still classed as slang. As we understand, however, that it is shortly to be regularly adopted into the language we allow it to stand.—Editor.

Smythe knew Guy was a drummer,²⁰
And thought he 'd come to drum,
And so the look he cast on Guy
Was somewhat sharp and glum,
And, when Guy still persisted,
Although Smythe shook his head,²¹
Smythe looked at Guy quite sternly,
And very gruffly said:

"We want no pins nor needles,
No cotton goods nor shoes,
No silks nor thread nor gewgaws,
Nor oils nor paints nor glues,²²
And no one here will care to see
The samples you can show,
So you had best perambulate,²³
And take your hat and go."

Guy Earlscount was a drummer
Not easily abashed;²⁴
He did not fear the father
Since he the maid had "mashed";²⁵
He seized Smythe by the button,²⁶
And held him till it broke,
He borrowed Lida's papa's ear,
And forced that gentleman to hear
As rapidly he spoke:

"I've not come as a salesman,
Nor have I come to drum,²⁶
It is not with my samples
That to this place I've come,
I care not now for selling,
Nor if you wish to buy,
But there's part of your property
On which I've fixed my eye."²⁷

"I'm twenty-five, and always
Have led a single life,
And it's not singular, I think,
That I should want a wife;²⁸
Good sir, you have a daughter,
The fairest in the land,
And now, as you 'll discover,

²⁰ An experienced business man can tell those chaps at a glance. When we were in business we could tell as soon as a man crossed our door-sill whether he was a lightning-rod man, or a book peddler, or a dry-goods drummer, or any other kind of solicitor. We made a mistake once. We thought a man was in the balmoral skirt line when he was in the crinoline trade.—Editor.

²¹ As a business man Smythe should have known that shaking his head was N. G. You might as well try to shake off a persistent fly on a hot Summer's day.—Editor.

²² Evidently Smythe wanted little here below. If he had included sons-in-law in his list he would have had the bulge on the drummer.—Editor.

²³ The author generally gives a sort of life-like character to the conversations which he details, but there's a flavor of the dictionary about that word which any one would notice a mile off. In fact, most of us would be compelled to struggle for some time with an unabridged before we could spell it to the satisfaction of the heirs of Noah Webster.—Editor.

²⁴ A quite unnecessary statement of a fact, which must by this time be apparent to every careful reader.—Editor.

²⁵ Smythe should have adopted Lamb's method with Coleridge. He should have cut off the button and gone about his business.—Editor.

²⁶ That must have relieved Smythe. We think there is nothing more enjoyable than the delightful feeling which spreads over you when you find out that a persistent drummer has dropped in merely to ask after your folks. We used to know a man who had a mania for borrowing ten dollars from us, and you can't imagine how we enjoyed one of his visits when we found that he had merely called to tell us about the weather, or to reconstruct the President's Cabinet, or some trifling thing like that.—Editor.

²⁷ Our nephew will run in the streets and pick up slang there. We are not quite certain, but we think our nephew would call Guy, after that speech, somewhat previous.—Editor.

²⁸ Singular! If he had wanted two or three wives at the same time, then he would, perhaps, have been singular in this community. For that matter, though, when the deacon of our church died it was discovered that he had a regular wife in Brooklyn and an equally regular one in New York, and quite astonished the ladies were at the funeral. But in this free and enlightened country we believe that every man has an equal right to life, liberty and the pursuit of matrimony.—Editor.

I am that daughter's lover,
And ask from you her hand."²⁹

"Who art thou," quoth the father,
Betraying his surprise:
"Who on my charming daughter
Hath boldly cast thy eyes?
Have you much land and houses?
Have you great store of cash?³⁰
Or are you an adventurer
With but the skill to mash?"³¹

"And have you rich relations,
A store of yellow gold?
And is your father's family
A well known one and old?
And are your people reckoned
Among the upper ten,³²
Or was your pa imported?
If so, from where and when?"³³

"For you must know, young fellow,
My daughter's not for you,
Unless your gold is yellow,
Unless your blood is blue."³⁴
I mean, where'er she marries,
That girl shall wed a swell;³⁵
So now your birth and fortune
Quite briefly you may tell."

"I'm not," quoth Guy: "of family old,
My blood's no tinge of blue,
My father left the Emerald Isle"³⁶
In eighteen forty-two,
I have no wealth of dollars
Fair maidens to allure,
I drum for Slade McWhorter,
Who deals in Congress Water,³⁷
And dearly love your daughter,
Although I am quite poor."³⁸

"Young man," quoth Lida's father:
"I'll try to speak quite mild,
But understand distinctly
You cannot wed my child;³⁹
And, if I catch you skirmishing
Around her any more,

²⁹ Did we invent that beautiful collocation of words: "Give, oh give me but your child," or are they part of some old song?—Editor.

³⁰ That's getting right down to hard rock without any preliminary boring. We always admired the highway-man's formula: "Your money or your life!"—Editor.

³¹ The old man Smythe was up to snuff. Evidently he wasn't to be taken in by palaver.—Editor.

³² Now we are tolerably familiar with all kinds of books, sacred and profane, and we assure you that we have never seen a better summary of those things, which are essential for perfect happiness in this Republican country.—Editor.

³³ We do not know why the imported article of human beings should not be as good as the native. Almost all imported articles are considered by our people to be better than anything produced here, and we do not know why the same rule should not apply to men, especially as we look with disgust upon the *real* natives.—Editor.

³⁴ We may be mistaken, but we think papa Smythe is a trifle greedy. As we understand the rules and regulations of our best society, if the suitor has blue blood his poverty does not stand in his way; if he has not blue blood then he must be wealthy. Papas never ask for both blood and gold.—Editor.

³⁵ This term, we believe, has been moved out of the list of slang words and is now considered good English.—Editor.

³⁶ We think the author is a little astray here, for we ourselves never met an Irishman who hadn't the bluest of blue blood. Every mother's son of them swears that he is descended from the ancient kings of Ireland.—Editor.

³⁷ Now we know why that drummer had so much fizz about him.—Editor.

³⁸ We don't exactly catch the author's meaning here. Heaven knows we are poor enough, but we'll bet a silver watch we borrowed against four dollars that we can beat any aristocrat at loving a girl, provided, of course, she isn't cross-eyed nor afflicted with pimples on her face.—Editor.

³⁹ He doesn't say much, but Smythe certainly permits you to understand distinctly where and when he's crushing you.—Editor.

I'll very quickly show you
The way out my front door."⁴⁰

From Guy he tore his button,
And wide the door did ope,
And pointed to the doorway
Inviting Guy to slope.⁴¹
Then Guy looked at the carpet,
And thought he 'd better scoot,
For Lida's father plainly wore
A number thirteen boot.⁴²

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

⁴⁰ There's one advantage about courting a city girl. When the old man has admonished you to keep away from his premises, if he should then catch you there he can precipitate you hastily down the front stoop, but he doesn't, as a rule, own a big ugly dog, who will make your sitting-down-place unhappy.—Editor.

⁴¹ There certainly wasn't much ceremony about Smythe when he gave the grand bounce. He might at least have accompanied his very expressive pantomime by some tender remark such as: "Young man skip off on your aural appendage."—Editor.

⁴² For persuading a discomfited suitor to retire precipitately a number thirteen boot ranks next to a bull-dog.—Editor.

THOMPSON, of the West Chester *Local News*, went fishing the other day, and came back home and admitted that he had expended all his patience and half a bushel of bait, and never caught a fish. Never mind, my boy, you told the truth, and that is a grander achievement than the capture of a nine-pound bass. You didn't take any fish, but you didn't come home and lie about it. You didn't fall down a bank and break your rod, and then say you did it trying to land a sunfish four feet long. You didn't snag all your hooks in the all-pervading root of some illimitable cottonwood, and say they were taken by the biggest pickerel you ever saw in your life. You didn't fall off a rock into the creek and then come home and explain that you were caught in a dreadful thunder storm. You didn't get pitched half way across the Brandywine by that miserable white bull, and then say you jumped in to rescue a drowning boy. You were yourself callous on the rocks, you stood around in the water until your corns soaked off, you tore yourself into a war map with the raspberry bushes, you floundered through the miriest swamp that ever mocked a pair of long legs, you fought midges and gnats, you got sunburnt and hungry and thirsty, but you didn't come home and say you enjoyed it. You owned up that you had a miserable time, and didn't enjoy a thing you saw except Carl Weber's pictures. You didn't get any fish, but you told the truth, and that is a triumph few fishermen ever enjoy. Now, the next time you go fishing, let us know, and we'll show you how to take bass out of the Brandywine. There's only one way to do it, and you've got to put a number four curb on your frankness to do that. — *Hawkeye*.

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Thus sings the enraptured bard of the Indianapolis Journal:

Oh, England! We throw thee a kiss,
With regrets that it isn't a hug;
Three jewels so rare are more than our share—
Sweet Oscar and Jumbo and "Tug."

The colonel still insists that Moses made a great many mistakes. Ah, ha? Perhaps, according to the colonel's views and practices, one of these views was in neglecting to charge the Children of Israel a dollar and a-half a head to hear their leader read the ten commandments.

The easiest position in a base-ball match is that of the umpire. All he has to do is to catch all the passed balls and half the fouls on his ribs and stomach, and cry "ball" and "strike" in regular alternation, and enjoy a general and enthusiastic cussing from both nines and all the spectators when the game is over. Anybody can be an umpire if he only has the "gall."

Mr. Sullivan, of Boston, will try it over again with the gloves with the Hon. Tug Wilson. Some attention will be paid to Mr. Sullivan's appearance this time by his less distinguished townsmen. He will be introduced by Wendell Phillips, John Boyle O'Reilly will read a poem, William Warren will occupy a chair on the stage, and a Greek chorus from Harvard College will sing between the rounds.

Suddenly the merry laughter and general happiness of the picnic was blighted by a howl. Not an ordinary howl, that merely startles the listener, but a long howl, full of varying cadences, shrill in the middle and loud at both ends; at intervals its symmetry was marred by a muffled sound as though the howl was clogged in the mouth of the howler. Sometimes it swelled to a shrill shriek, and then it changed to a yell of anger and quivered away in moans of pain, mingled with happy shouts of joy that came from other voices. And while every one wondered, and all the parents rushed hither and yon looking for their darlings and calling their loved ones by many endearing names, the procession came up out of the woods down by the creek—ten or fifteen boys yelling and shouting and dancing with wicked glee, grimacing and mocking, while in their midst ran George, doing the anguish business perfectly without any make-up for the part, all tears and wails genuine, with the name blown in the bottle. The boys had just found a big "Injun turnip" and had been telling George how nice and juicy and sweet it was. And George believed them. That was all.—Robert J. Burdette.

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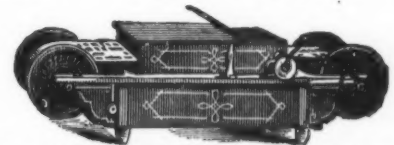
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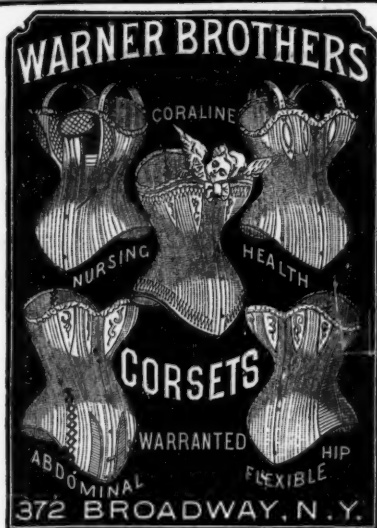


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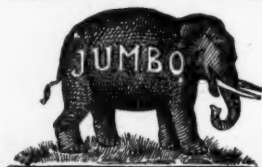
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A big moustached, broad shouldered policeman had a fourteen-year-old boy up in the Jefferson Market Police Court for throwing missiles at pedestrians.

"That is a very serious offence," Justice Ford said to the young culprit: "What have you to say about it?"

"I didn't fire no stones," the boy answered, between his sobs: "dis pleeceman ust ter come an' sit on der stoop wid me sister, an' he'd gimme five cents to 'lay bones' fur der roun's-man. One night he was ketched an' fined five days' pay. Den he told me sister dat he couldn't take her to a picnic 'cause he was broke, an' me sister shuck him an' went wid Jimmy Martin, an' Jimmy knocked him out 'cause der pleeceman didn't have no uniform on or no club wid 'im. An' after dat der pleeceman 'ud chase me every time he saw me. Dis mornin' wen I wuz torkin to me sister on der stoop der pleeceman kem over an' sez he seen me trowin' stones, but dat ain't so. I wuz home all day carryin' water for me mudder."

As there was no evidence to substantiate the charge Justice Ford discharged the boy.

"Jimmy Martin 'll kick der stuffin' out of you fur dis," was the boy's parting salute to the policeman, as he scooted up Sixth Avenue. —N. Y. Herald.

"I UNDERSTAND, Uncle Amos, that you have quit preaching," said the Secretary of State to an old colored man, who for years has had charge of a church in Little Rock. "Yes, sah, boss; I'se stepped aside." "Why did you quit?" "Wall, dar was numerous pressures brought ter bar agin the old man. Da charged me wid stealin' a ham for one thing, and 'vised me ter quit." "Why, they couldn't prove that you stole the ham, could they?" "Nor, sah, da couldn't, an' ef I hadn't 'knoledged it da neber would hab prubed it." "Why did you acknowledge it?" "Case da found de ham under my bed, sah." —Arkansaw Traveller.

A SELF-APPOINTED critic says that "the newspaper is the grave of genius." He probably at some time in his brief and aimless career has sent a poem on "The Bobolink" to some newspaper and it was buried there. Yes, the newspaper is the grave of that kind of genius. It is one vast cemetery and world's congress of genius, if you call that genius. —Laramie City Boomerang.

"PA, what is a lay preacher?" inquired a South Chicago boy one quiet Sunday afternoon. "A lay preacher! Why, my son, a lay preacher is a—a—a; a lay preacher is a man who lays around and takes the regular preacher's place, and deals out a strange, peculiar and conflicting theology." —Chicago Check.

"It's a pity Judge Davis cannot press his constitutional amendment." He should sit upon it. That would press it. —Norristown Herald.

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"I would like a position," said a narrow-faced youth to a merchant. "You would, eh? Well, just scoot across the water, take the first boat for Alexandria, and you'll find the Egyptian situation still open." "Why, what use could they make of me over there?" stammered the disheartened fellow: "I ain't a mummy." "True," mused the philanthropist: "but you'd make a first-class ramrod for a gun of small bore." The young man discharged himself.—*New York Commercial.*

THE *Scientific American* says: "An invention that will be appreciated by travelers who play chess en voyage is that reported from Berlin of an iron chess-board, with magnetized men, that will hold in place, no matter how often the ship or the car rolls over." When a ship rolls over a few times, or when a car gets to the bottom of an embankment, we can imagine how much a traveler will appreciate an iron chess-board with magnetized men.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE first white hair! A woman still young in years held it up to the light and gazed upon it with tender melancholy, for was it not a harbinger of age that must surely come to her should she live, and she thought she would? It was the first white hair she had found in a new red wig she had bought a few days before, and she was naturally mad about it.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

STRANGER: "Why, bub, what are you building a mud dam across that gutter for?" "Why, you see, father is a Congressman, and if I make a dam that will hold a couple of quarts of water he can get an appropriation to make it navigable."—*Philadelphia News.*

A FASHION item says the belle of the peroid now wears at her waist-belt a little music-box, faintly playing a single tune. The average American girl can put on enough airs without attaching a music-box to her waist.—*Norristown Herald.*

RED caps are worn by many of the bathers at Narragansett Pier, and the wearer of one invariably gets mad as a hornet when anybody mistakes his head for a buoy and tries to moor a boat to it.—*Boston Post.*

ONE of the Western society papers asserts that a Miss Trout is the reigning local belle. Wonder if it would be considered complimentary to speak of Miss Trout as "a speckled beauty."—*Boston Transcript.*

THE Arab's favorite musical instrument—the loot.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

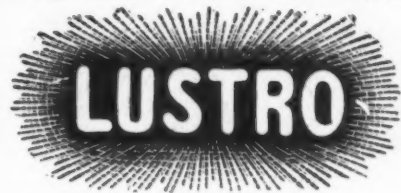
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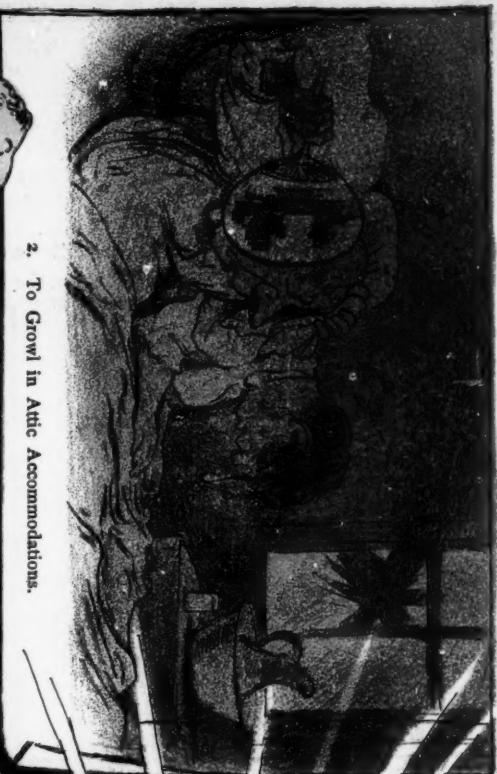
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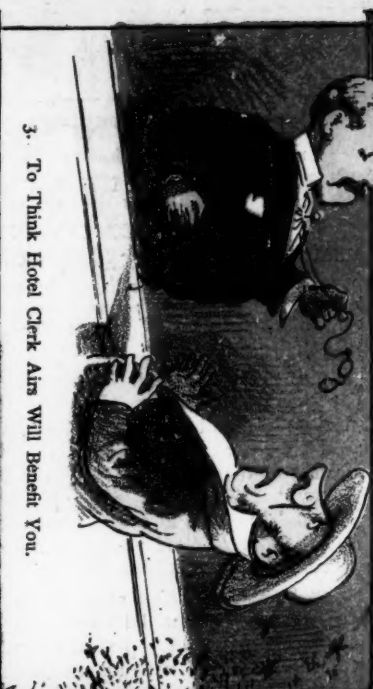
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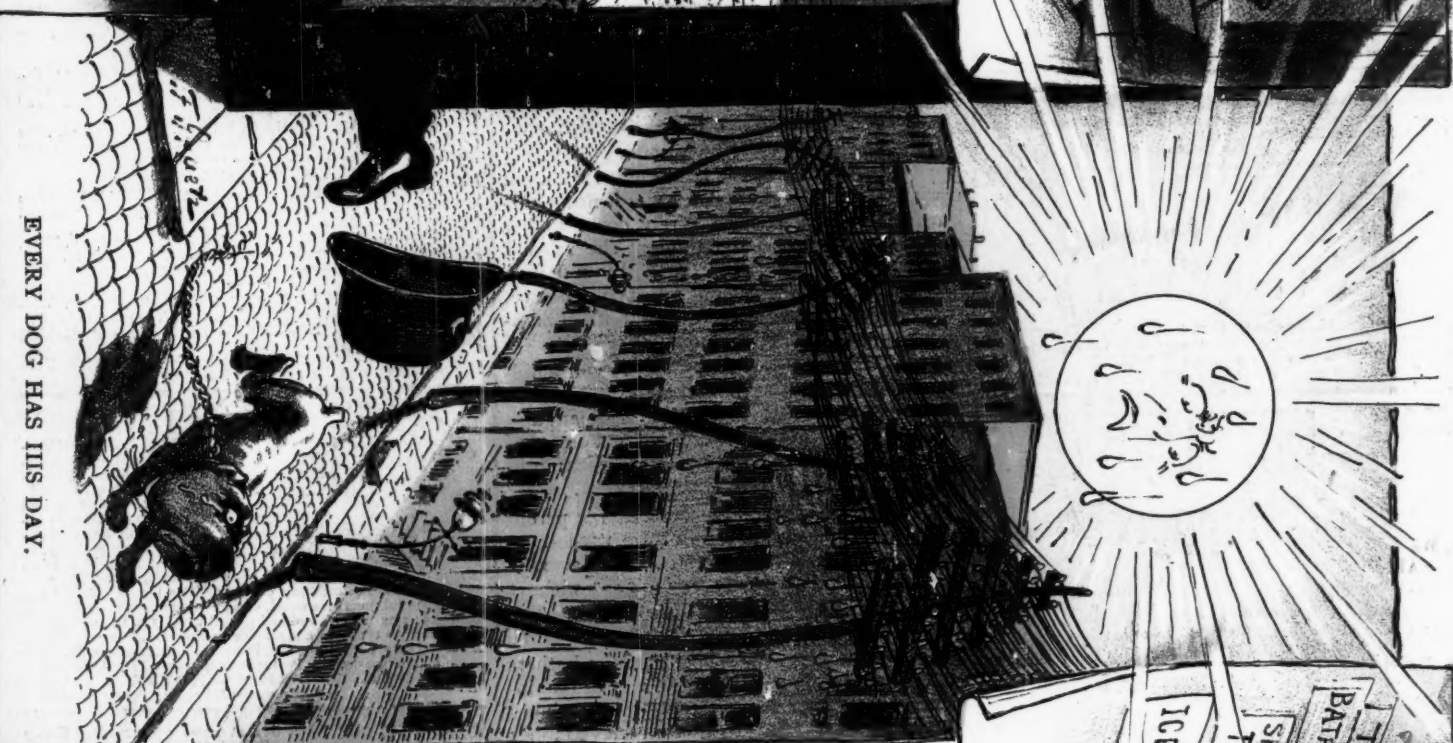
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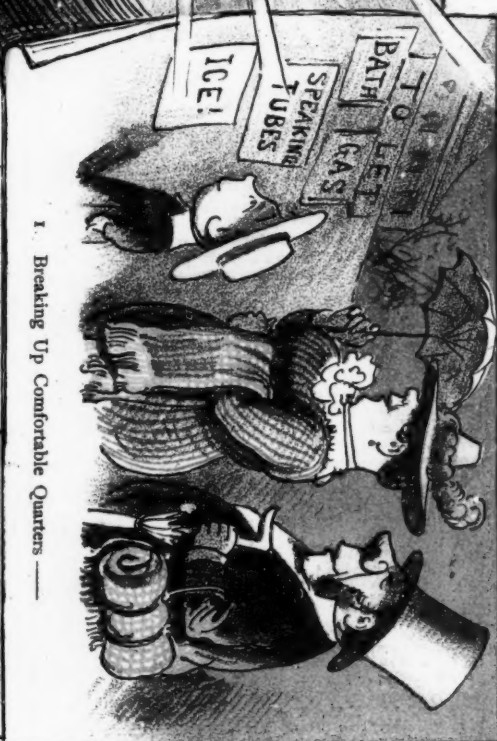
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